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JOHN BULL

WHAT A WORLD TRUCE WOULD MEAN

by KINGSLEY MARTIN—Page 5

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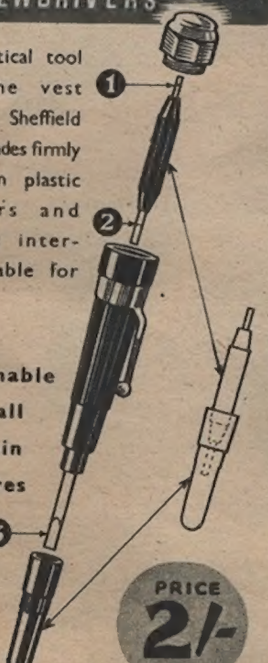

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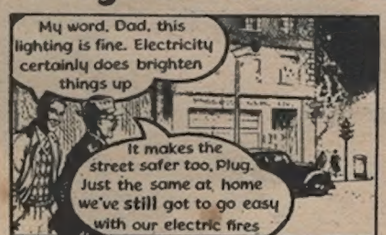
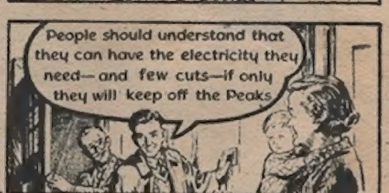

My word, Dad, this lighting is fine. Electricity certainly does brighten things up
It makes the street safer too, Plug. Just the same at home we've still got to go easy with our electric fires

Too true, Dad—especially during the Peak Periods when the factories must come first. Street lighting is used mainly during Off-Peak periods



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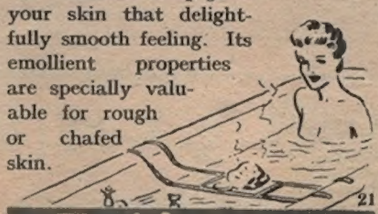

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JOHN BULL

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OCTOBER 30, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2209

Atom Control is Urgent

THE POLITICIANS AND THE scientists are running a sinister race. And at the moment the scientists seem to be winning.

The race might be called the Atom Stakes—but not in any frivolous sense, for the prize is no less than humanity's future. Can the politicians reach the winning-post of agreement on the control of atomic energy before the scientists turn this world into a streamlined madhouse where everything moves too fast and too destructively for human beings to control?

So far the outlook is not good. The United Nations' bid to blunt the menace of atomic war fails, and fails again.

Charges and counter-charges, plans and counter-plans hurtle across the conference tables.

Meanwhile the scientists, besides devising bigger and better bombs, are now planning atom-power aircraft. One of America's leading technicians, David Poole, claims that the vital difficulty—how to get power from a mobile atomic pile—has been surmounted.

If so, the Atomic Age is indeed thundering upon us. In theory, an atomic aircraft can fly forever without refuelling. In peace, perhaps, that's fine. In war, it is an air-marshal's dream of the perfect bomber, able to carry a full lethal load to anywhere on earth.

So the urgency of getting agreement on atom control grows with each scientific step forward. If world agreement proves impossible at present because of the deadlock with Russia, then the countries outside the Soviet block must start to tackle the problem among themselves.

Classroom Chaos

THIS WEEK, IN 217 TOWNS in this country (official figure), you can open the door of almost any infant or junior classroom and find a harassed girl trying, single-handed, to teach an average of fifty-five kids.

Take the girl aside and she will tell you that such classes are too big for efficient teaching.

This sort of thing won't do. Nothing should excuse it. The only result of mass-produced lessons is going to be mass-produced brains, boiled down to the lowest level.

The immediate answer for parents everywhere is straightforward. If they are dissatisfied with their children's school conditions, they should protest —first to their local councillors, then, if need be, to their M.P.

Protests will lead to investigation. Investigations, bringing facts to light, will lead to some sort of cure—even if it's only a temporary rearrangement of the worst classes.

The long-term answer to classroom chaos is the need for (1) 6,000 women teachers, (2) 1,000 new schools.

George Tomlinson, the Minister of Education, should be making a real drive to get these teachers. The number of women needed for infant and primary schools is obviously much greater than the estimate of three years ago. Drastic action is now needed to stimulate recruitment.

Go to it, Mr. Tomlinson. And remind your colleague Aneurin Bevan that school building must stay high up on his list of priorities.

Victims of the Roads

WHO ARE THE CHIEF victims of danger on the roads?

The question, unhappily, brings us back to schoolchildren. Latest figures show that the accident rate per ten thousand children is now 19.4 compared with 19.1 twelve months ago.

This is not a mere matter of a figure placed on the right or wrong, side of a decimal point. Here is one *waste* of life and health that we cannot afford.

Accident rates must not go higher again this winter, as they did last. November is a danger month.

And let the motorists themselves set an example of careful driving. There were 64,260 *more* traffic offenders last year—an alarming increase. Drivers should take themselves to task about *their* personal responsibility for this fearful decline of care on the road.

The Right to Sue

IN THE TURMOIL of controversial Bills which Parliament this week begins to tackle, there is one which should pass without party quarrel.

It will provide for better legal aid for people of limited means.

Our present legal system, in spite of piecemeal reforms, loads the dice of litigation heavily in favour of rich men and corporations and against poor ones. Many cases which ought to come into court are never heard because people with only small capital dread to risk everything on the chance of a favourable verdict—knowing that, if they lose, the award of costs against them could mean ruin.

Because of this, injustice or serious grievance is often suffered in silence. Yet, constitutionally, every citizen has the right to pursue redress through the ordinary courts, on to the Court of Appeal, and if need be, to the Lords.

We hope that the new Bill, without encouraging irresponsible litigation, will enable anyone who needs court action to afford it.

A Policeman's Promotion

EVEN A CONSTABLE will now be able to become a chief constable!

It sounds like a paradox—but it isn't.

One of the disheartening things about police service has always been the limitation set on prospects of promotion by the official policy of choosing chief constables from outside the force. Now, Home Secretary Chuter Ede has opened a training college to develop leadership in the upper ranks of the force.

Eventually, all inspectorships will go to its graduates, and the chief constables will also be picked from former "other ranks." This is one admirable way to encourage capable and ambitious young men to enter the police force.

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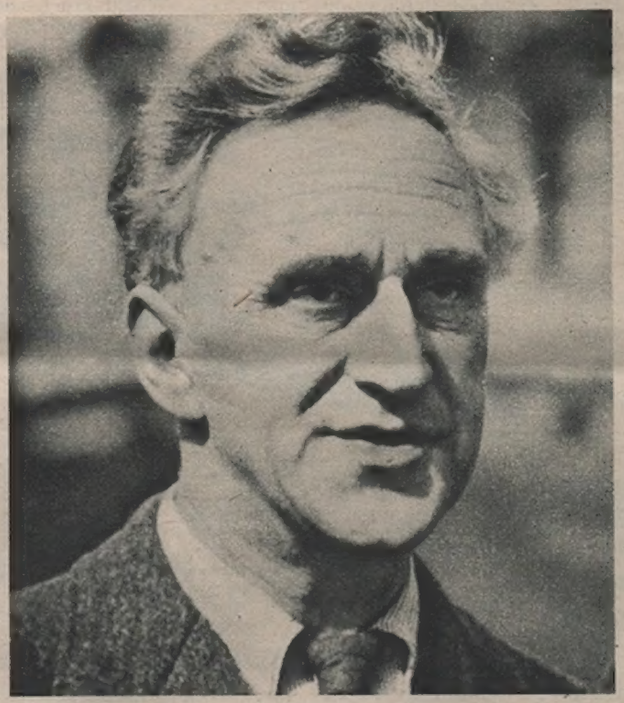
WHAT A WORLD TRUCE WOULD MEAN

Say the Western Powers and Russia *did* agree not to step outside their spheres of influence—what then? How about propaganda and Communist agents? How about Germany, Greece and the East?

by KINGSLEY MARTIN



There is really nothing Utopian or unrealistic in the idea of a world truce, declares Kingsley Martin, B.B.C. brains-truster and editor of the *New Statesman*

WHEN AMERICA, BRITAIN and other Western countries have finished denouncing Russia as the author of all our difficulties, and the Russians have finished replying that the real aggressor is American imperialism—when the talk is over, what follows?

An increasing tension ending in what Ernest Bevin rightly describes as the black fury of atomic war? Or is there an alternative?

J. B. Priestley has suggested a world truce (in JOHN BULL, October 2). Not, that is to say, an agreement, since that, for the time being, is clearly out of the question, but an agreement only on the one point that war is suicide and that if we can't agree, we may as well agree to differ. The proposition seems worth considering, since the alternative is being burnt, blasted, eviscerated or dying in some other disagreeable manner before very long.

I believe that such an agreement to disagree is possible though difficult. Before going into details about what would be involved in a world truce, there are one or two objections to the whole idea that are certain to be raised and which must be answered.

Issues That Are Red Herrings

Many people will say that a truce is impossible because "the Russians are as bad as the Germans," or because they are totalitarian and we're democratic. Let us be clear that these are not the issues on which peace and war depend.

For centuries we have lived in the same world as dictatorship states and not fought against them. Indeed, they have sometimes been our allies. And sometimes we have fought wars against democratic peoples.

The argument about national character is even more irrelevant. In the course of our history we have fought wars and also made alliances with the French and the Germans and the Russians, with the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Italians, the Americans and many other peoples. When they were our allies we have described them all as heroes, and when they were our enemies, as barbarians and sons of Belial. No, the relations of states are dictated not by likes and dislikes, but by national interest.

Why did we fight the wars of 1914 and 1939 against Germany? Not because her political system was totalitarian; not even because the Nazi régime was the most barbaric known to history. We fought because we were afraid of a great Power dominating the Continent and threatening our security. And that is the issue on which we must concentrate today. If we cease to think that Russia intends to dominate Europe, the chance of England being engaged in a war against the Soviet Union will be removed.

There is one other objection to the idea of a world truce which has much more substance to it and which we must understand if our proposals are to be realistic and not Utopian.

Speaking in Paris at the end of September, Ernest Bevin said that Soviet foreign policy seemed to be based on "the Marxist-Leninist conception that there can be no final agreement between non-Communist States," and he quoted Lenin's prophecy that there would be "frightful collisions" between the U.S.S.R. and the imperialist Powers. "Therefore," said Bevin, "everything the Soviet Government does is tactics."

This is perfectly true, and it does rule out real agreement between Russia and the West. But Bevin should have gone on to quote more of the passage. Lenin, writing in 1919, at a time of Allied military intervention in Russia, was dealing with the problem of how to defend a young Socialist country against attack from outside.

Now, Stalin makes it quite clear that though "frightful collisions" are probable because capitalist Powers will attack the U.S.S.R., he also believes that for a long period it may be possible for the one Socialist State, the Soviet Union, to live side by side with capitalist states without war. The U.S.S.R. would develop her own economy and watch what Communists believe must be the inevitable decay of their capitalist neighbours.

Tactics, of course. But tactics that do not mean world war are better than the other kind, and we know that Russia can, in some circumstances, follow the peaceful kind, because she did so, seeking tactical co-operation with the Western democracies against Fascism between 1934 and 1938. Therefore the question of a world truce depends on persuading Russia that the conditions are such that she may return to the policy she pursued during the period when Litvinov and not Molotov was Foreign Secretary.

Having got this clear, we are in a position to make a new type of approach to the Soviet Union. We have to say something like this: "World war will destroy us all. We are neither of us prepared to give way to the other.

"But we are prepared to believe that you do not contemplate moving the Red Army outside your sphere of influence—we admit that so far Russia has made no military aggression since the war—and that you are genuinely afraid that American capitalism intends to attack you. We undertake not to attack your sphere. You denounce the expansionist policy of the United States, but American capitalism still has plenty of elbow room without encroaching on the Soviet sphere of influence."

Problems That Would Arise

We should then put this proposition to the Russians: "In order to avoid war, let us demarcate two spheres of influence, both knowing that war will be the result if either moves outside his own sphere. If you agree to that in principle, we'll get down to details."

Supposing the Russians did agree to such a proposition, and accepted the idea of a world truce, what main problems would be involved?

Let me begin with a few examples. First there is the problem of Communism. It will at once be said that though Russia's armies might not move, she would still go on encouraging violent revolutionary movements. If we refer to anti-Western Soviet wireless propaganda, we should have to put up with some of that in a truce, just as the Russians would have to put up with abuse in the capitalist Press.

But there is all the difference between Soviet denunciation of capitalism and direct incitement, by propaganda or by means of Soviet agents, to foreign Communist parties to start rebellions in their own countries. Communism might not cease in France or Burma or Malaya, or anywhere else, because Communism arises out of social conditions. It is a world philosophy and did not originate in Russia.

Therefore, part of the agreement would have to be that Russia would cease to dictate tactics to foreign Communist parties, would abolish the Cominform,

and would leave Western countries to deal with their Communist movements in their own way. The Western Powers would equally have to agree to leave off the sort of propaganda which America is now doing in the "Voice of America" radio, which seeks to stimulate anti-Communist opposition groups in Eastern European countries.

We should also have to make sure that our embassies in Eastern Europe were not intriguing against the governments of Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, just as we should certainly assure ourselves that Russian or Eastern European embassies were not breaking the truce in the West.

Next, we should have to tackle the difficult problem of Greece, where American arms and experts are aiding the Greek Army to deal with the guerrilla movement led by Communists in Northern Greece.

No one doubts that, in spite of bitter feelings in Greece, a truce is possible and a better Greek Government is possible, provided the Americans withdraw their military support and Stalin tells General Markos to come to terms. I am not suggesting that Greece would become at once a peaceful or happy country, but that if America and Russia made a world truce, then a truce could also be made in Greece. Communism would become merely a political party, working constitutionally in a Greece that might gradually return to democratic government.

We should have to continue round the world on the same lines. Russia has claimed that she is evacuating North Korea, having established a Communist government there; America, which has a landlords' and owning-class government in South Korea, would also have to clear out and leave the Koreans to settle the matter themselves. The same principle would have to be adopted in the vast area of China proper.

A Dividing Line

In short, in every part of the world where Communism and capitalism collide, military forces would have to withdraw and a line be drawn between the spheres of interest.

The most difficult case, of course, is that of Germany. Far the best remedy, if it were possible, would be for all the occupying forces to be simultaneously withdrawn. If that is now a Utopian suggestion, the only sane alternative is to accept a line drawn down the middle of Europe and accept the fact of a Soviet Eastern Germany and a democratic Western Germany as part of a closer association of Western European Powers. Whether this is really compatible with a world truce or not depends on what Russia and the Western Powers make of their spheres of interest.

Russia is naturally frightened of America rebuilding a German arsenal and rearming Nazis; she recalls that it was American money that enabled Hitler to arm for the last war, and she notices that many former Nazis, or supporters of the Nazis, even now hold important positions in the West.

This is one of the many cases in which Britain and France, which represent the nucleus of a third bloc not within the American or Russian spheres, could exercise a decisive influence in bringing about the world truce. France in particular fears as much as Eastern Europe the revival of German power, and could be trusted, if the United States genuinely observed the truce, to see to it that the heavy industries of Western Germany, which have made Germany so terrible a menace to her neighbours, are only so reconstructed as to enable Europe to make a better recovery.

Let me make one thing quite plain. If it is Communism rather than Russia we fear, nothing could be so foolish, in my view, as to prevent the economic recovery of the Western European countries by forcing them to waste their men and materials on armaments. Every expert agrees that they cannot possibly both arm and recover; American aid in armaments merely dislocates their economic structure and is the best possible propaganda for Communism, which thrives on the knowledge of the workers that they are being trained as American mercenary soldiers while their families are to be kept in poverty and their countries made American satellites.

The line drawn down the middle of Europe might preserve peace for a considerable time on condition that Western Europe sought economic recovery, not military strength. The ultimate sanction of the atom bomb would remain in the background until an agreement could be reached about disarmament and atomic energy.

GREECE: ex-priest (left) among guerrillas. World truce could bring peace even to this war-torn State, says Kingsley Martin

GERMANY: Communist slogan reads: "We protest against a split Berlin." But dividing line might be drawn through middle of Europe

KOREA: Arms bristle behind barricade facing Soviet sector. Evacuation of all foreign forces would be the preliminary step

Middle East Example

Frontiers, somebody may say, are not the only difficulty. What about the collision of interests in the Middle East? This provides me with the best illustration of the sort of understanding that would have to be reached if the "agreement to disagree" is to last for more than a few months.

In 1945, speaking at a Labour Party annual conference, Ernest Bevin remarked that Russia, like any other Power, naturally and properly desired "a warm-water port." He would not say that today. International tension would have to ease until something like mutual trust had developed before the Western Powers would agree to any such substantial concession as a new port for the Soviet Union. But that does not mean that on the fringes of the spheres of influence, no working agreements could ever be reached, or that all the reasonable demands of Russia need be automatically denied.

Let me illustrate. All the three great Powers are now competing for oil in the Middle East. The Americans have succeeded in persuading the Persians not to allow Russia to have the oil concession in Northern Persia that Tsarist Russia used to have. It would be possible, if the fear of war were removed for the time being, for the U.S.S.R. to have access to Northern Persian oil, leaving America and Britain to develop the oil in the Persian Gulf.

Scope for Co-operation

In the Middle East there are large areas of arid desert which, if irrigated, could become fertile and prosperous, as they were centuries ago.

Why should not Soviet, British and American technicians unite in raising the standard of life of the inhabitants of these areas? Russia might, of course, refuse such a proposal, but no one as far as I know has ever made one. We have discussed everything as capitalists, just as the Russians have gone to every conference as Communists. If we went as technicians wanting to do a job, not as capitalists wanting profits or politicians wanting power, it is possible that Russian technicians would co-operate with us.

But all such hopeful ideas, which were talked of widely after the war, depend on Americans and Russians jointly deciding that however much they differ, and however much they abuse each other in their newspapers, it is better to agree not to fight and not to interfere in each other's sphere of influence. Such a proposal would bring us a breathing space, and after that new possibilites of reaching a better agreement might arise.

There is nothing Utopian or unrealistic in this idea, because it is soundly based on the truth that nations decide their policy in accordance with their interests, and that a war fought with atom bombs and bacteriological weapons cannot conceivably be to the interest of anyone.

High Court judges at House of Lords. Should a judge's rôle end with finding a man guilty or not guilty?

When a Sentence Seems Unfair

by a Barrister-at-Law

Two men are convicted for the same crime. One gets five years, the other three. This may seem odd, but rigid rule-of-thumb judgment is *not* the answer

IF TWO MEN DECIDE to break into a house, and do so, their moral guilt is no doubt identical. This seems so obvious that well-meaning people often complain when widely differing sentences are passed on men who have been convicted of identical offences.

They want to know why one man, who stole a pair of shoes in Bradford, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, while another, who stole a pair of shoes in Bristol on the same day, was only bound over. They are shocked when a parent who ill-treats a child is sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the same court where a receiver of half a dozen mowing machines may go to jail for three years.

What the grumblers have not realized is that the Bristol man and the receiver may have been quite justly sentenced according to the normal scale, whereas the Bradford thief and the child-beater have been shown mercy by their experienced judges.

If every offender automatically received the same sentence, the whole personal aspect of the law would vanish, and with it the quality of mercy, the hope of redeeming the individual, the consideration of special home circumstances, and the thousand and one other imponderables that influence the judicial mind. Where you have uniformity, you will have far worse injustice than is ever seen today under our makeshift system.

Judge Was Shocked

There once was a judge who went on circuit and tried prisoners in various assize towns. He startled everybody—from prosecuting counsel and the prisoners to the very cleaners of the courts—by awarding each offender the maximum punishment for his offence.

Thus, every embezzler was given a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude, and every bigamist one of seven years.

Startled inquiries revealed that the learned judge had never before in the whole of his professional life entered a criminal court and that his simple soul had been outraged at discovering how very wicked the world was. Since that historic circuit, I may add, no judge of the Chancery Court (for that is what this particular judge was) has been invited to try criminal cases.

His was an extreme example, but it should warn us of the danger of trying to standardize punishments.

Yet nobody who has occasion to practise in criminal courts can possibly be satisfied with our present-day arrangements for punishment.

The late Mr. Justice McCardie once stated that there were five reasons in any civilized community for inflicting punishment on convicted offenders:

1. To deter the criminal himself from future crime;
2. To deter others from committing crimes;
3. To secure for the public a period of protection from the convicted offender;
4. To reform the convicted offender, so far as might be possible; and
5. To satisfy the public demand for punitive justice.

Any one or more of the five reasons may conflict with the others. For example, satisfying a public demand in some district or other that, say, a man who assaults a popular local resident shall be very severely punished might well conflict with his own reformation.

So, too, a shoplifter may herself require no severer deterrent than the shock she experiences by being arrested and tried (with all the publicity in local papers which this invariably entails).

It is true that to lock up a persistent cat-burglar for three years will protect his fellow citizens' property from his depredations, but will it make him more likely when he comes out of jail to seek honest work or to be able to find it?

Have to Compromise

No, every sentence in every court must of necessity be a compromise between the five factors set out by Mr. Justice McCardie. What we have to ask ourselves is whether the present system of punishment in the courts is the best one open to us.

The fact is that a rough-and-ready scale of punishments does exist throughout the country. Any experienced practitioner listening to a case in a magistrates' court, a court of quarter sessions or an assize court can usually guess the punishment which each offender is likely to receive in the circumstances of his particular case.

How does one judge? First, I suppose, one knows the maximum penalty which can be imposed for the offence generally; the prisoner can't get more! Secondly, how bad an offence of its type is it? A burglar who steals property worth only sixpence will normally receive a smaller penalty than if he had stolen property worth six hundred pounds.

Thirdly, one considers whether it is a type of offence which is particularly rife and about which some high authority—probably the Court of Criminal Appeal—has recently thundered. Fourthly, what is the man's previous record? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this is the crucial point.

Downhill Road

There is nothing more dreadful than to hear a convicted prisoner's list of previous offences and their punishments read out before the man is sentenced. It is deplorable to learn that, after being bound over in a juvenile court, he was sentenced for later offences to be sent first to an approved school and then to a Borstal institution. Then would come a three-months' prison sentence, then one of nine months; then he would get perhaps eighteen months' and then two years' imprisonment, until at last he becomes a "lag" and goes to penal servitude for three years or upwards.

When one has heard this catalogue, one knows that it is reasonably certain, if his present offence is analogous to his past ones, that he will be very fortunate if he is not sent back to penal servitude.

Prisoners, naturally, complain that, even though they are supposed to have purged their previous offences by appropriate sentences, they are nevertheless being punished again for these offences by receiving a far higher penalty for their present crime. The answer is that they have *not* really purged their previous offences, and society will always hold these against them if they offend again.

Well, what are we going to do about criminal sentences?

The present system is unsatisfactory, because all compromises are unsatisfactory and, as I have pointed out, Mr. Justice McCardie's five points are incompatible with one another.

Doctors on the Board

A very experienced criminal lawyer has recently suggested that trial and sentence should be separated. In other words, the judge who presides over the proceedings which decide whether a man is gulty or not should not be the tribunal who awards him his sentence on conviction.

Instead, a Sentence Board should be created, manned not only by judges but also by doctors and psychologists and others who are at least as competent as lawyers to assess the penalty which will best serve the interest of the public and the redemption of the offender.

Further, it is suggested that, whenever a sentence of more than six months' imprisonment is passed (no matter by whom), it shall automatically come up for revision from time to time, in order that a Sentence Revision Board—again manned by a variety of persons—may decide whether the prisoner should serve the whole of his original term or whether he may advantageously be released long before that term is due to expire.

It may well be that some such method is the way out of our present muddled system into a better one—one which would not merely consider the safety of society (which must never be forgotten) but would really make it worth a man's while to try to reform himself while in prison. At present a prison sentence rots a man; it might in a saner world reform him in every sense of the word.

Raving at the policeman, Sir Joel rushed from his Rolls and started to *shoo* the ducks out of the way

On the Nation's Business

Sir Joel was a big noise, a split-second hustler. The trouble was he never really did understand England • **by Reginald Pound**

WELL, THE OLD SO-AND-SO is in South Africa by now, gone for good, I am pretty certain, and the story can be told, though he would not like it. Who cares?

I am a valet. Or I was until he gave me the sack six weeks ago for laughing in the wrong place. I just had to: could not help myself.

What worries me is whether anyone is going to believe it. I sometimes catch myself wondering whether it really and truly happened. There is one thing I am certain of and that is it could not have happened anywhere but in England. At least, I do not think it could.

It is about my late boss, Sir Joel Sabbathias. He was a big City man, chairman of various companies. He did a lot of organizing and special committee work in the war and that is what he was knighted for. Getting your K they call it in those circles.

He was not content with it, though. He had ideas about going into the House of Lords eventually. I knew that from little things he used to let slip.

He even had his eye on a place to call himself after—Itchlinghurst, down in Sussex. Lord Itchlinghurst, he saw himself. We motored that way a few times. He said to me once, when we were going through: "If there isn't an Itchlinghurst Hall, Victor, we'll build one."

That is the sort of man he was—all will-power and domination. You could see it from the set of his mouth. His face was loose and fleshy and soft-looking, but his jaw was a steel trap. He could be ruthless.

To be fair, he was very decent to me, except at the end. He helped me when I got into a jam over a girl just after I went to him. He put his lawyers on to her and I had no more trouble from that quarter. She was as quiet thereafter as if she had been knocked on the head.

The same when my ma was taken off to hospital. He said she was to have the best of everything and she did. *And* he paid for her to have a month's rest on the east coast afterwards.

It was not only us. If any of his friends went sick or were in trouble he could usually be counted on to do something practical about it. Loads of flowers and fruit, for instance; sometimes a bottle of champagne. He was generous. One way and another he helped quite a few public charities, too. If not with money, with organizing.

His trouble was that he was essentially a main-chance man, always coming back to his own advancement in life. Also he had no sense of humour. He could never laugh at himself—oh, lord, no!

I would have said that at sixty-something—he never put his age in *Who's Who*, by the way—he was as ambitious as I bet he was at twenty. He is supposed to have worked in Covent Garden market then. I do not know if it is true.

He was, in fact, a good deal of a mystery man. For instance, he had lived in America and there were traces of it in his accent, but no one seemed to know when it was or what he was doing there.

The thing about him that got under my skin was his attitude to us—to this country, I mean. I never liked it and yet I could never put my finger on it. In fact, it was rather baffling and that made it more irritating still.

You never heard him actually "knocking" England. But you never heard him say, even once, that it had given him opportunities and advantages that he might not have had anywhere else. I suppose it would be true to say that.

Of course, I may have got this wrong. I mean, he may have made up his mind long ago that he had put in as much as he had taken out. He certainly did have a big reputation in the City and he was popular there. That argues that he was fairly straight, if nothing else.

But there you are, I could never entirely get rid of the feeling that to some extent he despised us in spite of what we had shown ourselves to be in the war and all that. I think he thought us too easy-going, too tolerant.

I am pretty certain he reckoned our being the greatest cigarette smoking nation was a sign of something or other that would tell against us in the long run. He used to mention sometimes that our teeth were the world's worst, too.

I know that our keenness on sport did not meet with his would-be lordship's approval. He never played a game in his life and he thought there was something decadent in the sight of umpteen thousand people sitting tightly packed and tense at a football match—especially the hymn-singing part of the game!

He did not think we managed our labour affairs very well, according to what I heard him say one day. "All strikes nowadays should be made illegal under the constitution," he said. "As a bargaining weapon they're old-fashioned. Don't forget, employers have grown up as well as the workers."

It has occurred to me once or twice that this rather critical and unsatisfying attitude of old Sab's—as the City men called him—may have had something to do with his marriage that went wrong. I was told when I first went to him that earlier on he had married the daughter of a parson in East Anglia somewhere and that she had walked out on him very soon after. This was only a rumour. It might have had some bearing on his behaviour.

And now we are coming to it; the part, that is, which you may find it hard to believe. It is a fact, though, every comma of it. That I swear.

It was while we were in the flat in Upper Grosvenor Street, the Park Lane end: thirty guineas a week we were paying, unfurnished. A letter came to him from Number 10 Downing Street.

I saw it. The typewriting was bold and important-looking.

Sir,—The Prime Minister would be obliged by your making it convenient to attend at Number 10 Downing Street on Monday, June 16, at 12 o'clock sharp for consultation by the Cabinet. Please confirm that you will be available.

There was a crisis on, it is true. Even so, the letter was a considerable surprise,

as the boss's connection with Government business had never brought him in direct touch with the P.M. or the Cabinet before. I believe it was one of his private grievances that it had not. He certainly worked very hard at his official jobs in the war.

The 16th was three days ahead with a weekend between. He had confirmed the appointment by telephone right away and then confirmed it again by telegram. That shows you how keen he was.

"I suppose," he said to me, "they've been and got themselves tied up over something or other and want me to get them out of it, eh, Victor?"

He may have meant it to sound off-hand. It did not. You could tell he was as pleased as Punch with himself.

I had to fix him a haircut, with a face massage, though he had been at the barber's the previous week. It being a Friday, the barber's book was full and the only way I could get time for the boss was by threatening, on his orders, to take our custom away, which I did.

He also insisted on a manicure which he did not need. A girl going off for her first Court at Buckingham Palace could not have made more fuss.

Ruthless as he could be when necessary, and often when not, he could not make up his mind about clothes for the occasion. It was almost pathetic. I got a quick-press job done on his City dress—short black jacket with striped trousers, that is.

I think he must have consulted one or two pals at his club in St. James's Street, for he came rushing back to say, no, it must be a proper morning coat with tails, which meant, of course, a silk hat to go with it.

THE Rolls-Royce had to be washed down specially and, would you believe it, Collishaw, the chauffeur, had to lose his Saturday afternoon to go over the route three or four times so as to be certain of getting to No. 10 on the dot.

"I want to have my hand on the bell there exactly as Big Ben gives the hour, do you understand?" the boss said, fixing poor old Collishaw right in the eye. "You, Victor," he said to me, "will sit up in front. And wear a black tie," he said, glaring at the orange one I usually wear.

Talk about doing the grand! I nearly asked him whether I had to sit with my arms folded, but thought it might put ideas into his head, so I kept off that topic. As it was, I knew I should have to wear a bowler, and there is nothing in the dress line I hate more.

So the great day came, as a writer would put it. A beautiful summer morning with the trees waving their fresh young boughs of green under a cloud-flecked blue sky—a typical June morning.

Getting him ready for the car was about the worst half-hour of my time with him. If I had to brush his coat collar once I had to a dozen times and still he went on picking off bits of flick that were not there. He tried his top hat at several angles and then lost his temper because he said there was too much dressing on his hair and it slipped.

All the time he was trying to keep up the impression that he did not really care a hoot, whereas I noticed that his breathing was becoming shorter and shorter as twelve o'clock drew near and that his mouth lost a little of its usual firmness and seemed to sag.

The order was that we were to leave Upper Grosvenor Street at twelve minutes to the hour. Collishaw said that would get us to No. 10 dead on time, barring accidents, which he hastened to add would be through no fault of his.

"I'm quite sure of that, Collishaw," the boss said, and Collishaw looked a

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How about the unmarried father?

"Don't condemn him without a hearing. . . . If he loves the girl, there's certainly a case for marrying her. But, if he doesn't, there is little that could be worse"

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

A PRODUCT OF TODAY'S shortages in moral standards, and reflecting the times just as clearly as the shortage of tobacco, illegitimacy is a problem attracting growing attention. But a problem within this problem which gets no attention at all is the puzzle of the unmarried father.

According to tradition, the unmarried father is one of two things. Either he is a shadowy figure brought to court to be fixed with an affiliation order. Or he is a faithless philanderer with a habit of vanishing when the girl he leaves behind him is in trouble.

But some recent research has shown the unmarried father to belong usually to one of several quite different types. He may be someone in his late teens or early twenties, genuinely in love with his girl but unable to support her as a wife.

Again, there is the *married* father of an illegitimate child. Case workers have recorded, more often than is generally supposed, instances of husbands whose wives are unfortunately childless, and who have been tempted into trouble out of a subconscious resentment of that fact.

Then there are people suffering from an abnormal parental relationship—the mother fixation found in some molly-coddled men is one—which tends to pull their moral compass out of true as they draw near the magnet of love for someone else.

Lastly, there is the familiar figure of the amateur sheik who just doesn't bother about the consequences. This is the only type of unmarried father not needing or deserving any sympathy.

The others often need a good deal.

Here is what one psychiatrist says: "Because of the emotional strains the unmarried father undergoes, terrific after-effects can result: I have treated two such men who suffered schizophrenic breaks as a result of their feelings of guilt and shame."

Can't Escape Conscience

In the words of a sociologist: "Some fathers, who want their child and cannot have it, suffer from a lifelong yearning. These illegitimate children have serious after-effects upon a man. He cannot run away from his conscience."

"Guilt and shame." "Conscience." The very use of such terms indicates that every case of illegitimacy involves a moral issue.

This is not a very popular truth.

In fact, one typically modern cure for the anxieties of the father and the troubles of the mother is to pretend there is no need for anxiety because there is no cause for trouble. But such an easy attitude doesn't work, as a glance at the astonishing total revealed by the Registrar-General's last return of illegitimate births will show.

Fortunately, there are still large numbers of ordinary people—broad-minded, reasonable people—who are not content to take a complacent view. They rightly feel illegitimacy to represent a personal failure on the part of those responsible, and especially on the part of the man.

This comes home with force in every case where the unmarried father is a man with a conscience.

The old way of saying, of a girl landed with a child, that she had been "wronged," has a lot to recommend it because it is accurate. She has. And the blame in the vast majority of cases must be the father's because it is nature's pattern that the initiative lies with him.

The unmarried mother has in all ages drawn more frowns than the unmarried father not because she is more guilty but because she is more noticeable. And the feeling of concealed guilt, of being somehow the villain of the piece, weighs all the more heavily upon the unmarried father who has made a mistake and knows it, in proportion as he is a decent fellow.

Earlier Marriage is One Answer

What, then, can be done to lighten his lot? The most commonsense method, of course, is to make it easier for him not to become an unmarried father. This certainly means making earlier marriage more possible. The main obstacle is in the finding and equipping of a home. The tradition in some groups dies hard that a man must not take a wife until he has somewhere to take her to.

But in modern conditions such an attitude needs reconsidering. One researcher into the problem cites several instances of how the domestic tangle of an illegitimate birth has been either prevented or straightened out by the parents on both sides being persuaded to open their homes in turn to boy and girl newly-weds.

When this cannot be managed, and when the unmarried father faces the genuine but unsuspected trials of his unhappy lot, what can be done for him that is useful? Condemning him without hearing the evidence is not useful.

Fear of Being Found Out

What then? Those who have worked upon his problem say that the two chief emotional causes of his suffering are, first, the fear of being found out; and, second, the almost total ban on his having anything personal to do with the child's future welfare, beyond helping to pay for it, which custom at present dictates.

And while there is nothing to be proud of in having got into such a situation it does not help a man to get out of it by thinking of him in all cases as a hardened offender, and encouraging him to believe that the important thing is not to get caught.

What is needed is something warmer and more human than any process of law if the most important kind of eternal triangle, innocent child, plus unmarried father and mother, is really to be helped as a whole.

There are homes, advice, and often a good deal of public sympathy for the girl.

A plan for meeting the problem of the father has already been put forward in America. It could pretty certainly be operated in Britain. This consists of training male social workers to give men good advice during their emergency.

The father is often anxious to tell his story, and probably he would prefer to tell it to a man who, as a professional, would be able to help him to work out his relationship with the girl and guide him as to what practical steps he can take to help her.

That, at any rate, would be a big advance from the present atmosphere of police courts and sordid detail which overhangs the whole sorrowful business.

But there's something more. In past times the plain duty of the man was held to be to marry the girl, and the modern swing away from this view has probably gone too far.

Not Just Convention

It is sometimes forgotten that the motive behind this insistence on marriage was not always a pointless striving to satisfy convention, as many people looked at it, but rather, a commonsense way of providing a home for the child. Today, also, marriage for the unmarried father often works out.

It depends. And what it depends on is love.

If the man loves the girl there is certainly a case for his marrying her. But if he does not, there is little that could be worse.

One minister whose views were sought said this: "A marriage based only upon premarital parenthood does not have enough to assure success in most instances. Marriage needs every chance in the world—understanding, true love, shared interests." And another: "If a boy and a girl have a great love for each other, then I believe marriage should follow. But if no love exists, I think the child should be put out for adoption."

But all can agree on this: that the unmarried father very often needs good advice, and equally often doesn't get it.

"If we continue to deny him this much-needed counsel," an experienced judge has declared, "we merely increase the next generation's number of potential unmarried fathers, and are guilty of multiplying the distress suffered by thousands of persons each year."

THE ANIMALS CAME IN TWO BY TWO . . .

Where drawings start to "move." David Hand (centre) watches animator at work. On wall are master sketches

First there was one animal sketched on a piece of paper. Then the animators took it and made it "move." As it moved it multiplied. One sketch became ten thousand sketches. Then a camera turned them into *Animaland*, and Britain's first big attempt at "Walt Disney" was complete ● by CONNERY CHAPPELL

THE MEN WHO MAKE cartoon films always remind me of those earnest people who spend years learning to engrave the whole of the Lord's Prayer on one side of a farthing. For cartoon making is an incredibly slow, laborious and detailed piece of organization. There is nothing else precisely like it, either in films or in any other art form.

Now we are starting to make film cartoons in Britain. We tried them before, and a certain amount of animation—as film people call it—has been done in British studios over the years. But not until 1944, when Arthur Rank formed a special company for the purpose, was a full-scale attempt made to create a cartoon-film industry in London.

The start was made a month or two after the company was formed. And it has taken all that time for the first British story cartoons to reach London's cinemas.

The first—*Animaland* and the *Musical Paintbox*—were shown to the critics a few weeks ago. In the main their reception was friendly, but it seemed that few of the professional viewers really appreciated what a weight of work had gone into the making of those first pioneering efforts.

Cartoon making is as expensive as it is painstaking. In Wardour Street they tell me that producing cartoons has become so costly that even Walt Disney has abandoned the idea of making full-length films like *Snow White* and is now putting real-life scenes into his feature cartoons.

They tell me, too, that a cartoon studio can now expect to make a profit only from the royalties it receives from the mechanical reproduction of its characters. Every time you buy a Mickey Mouse doll or postcard you pay a tiny royalty to Disney, and his income from these copyright fees is very large indeed.

Chirpy the Sparrow, Chester the Cat...

Already the Rank Organization is arranging to license toy manufacturers who will use its Animaland characters on the Christmas market. Soon you will be seeing Chirpy the sparrow, Chester the cat, Boko the parrot, Wanda Waddle the duck and the others in the shops.

If they catch on with the public, then the royalties will start rolling in—and Rank and his henchmen will start recovering some of the fortune they have spent on the special cartoon studios at Cookham, up the river beyond Maidenhead.

The man behind Cookham, the man who will decide the success or failure of British film cartoons, is an American named David Hand. He is grey, hefty, quiet and just under fifty.

Hand started to work on cartoons as early as 1919. Later he joined Walt Disney. That was in 1930, when Disney had only a dozen or so workers.

He began as an animator on Mickey Mouse cartoons—an animator being the artist who makes the master drawings which determine the chief movements in the finished film. Later he was a director, then a production supervisor, and he had more to do with *Bambi* than anyone.

When Rank brought him over to England he was Disney's second in command.

I met Hand a day or two after he arrived in London. Nobody knew he was here. There were no elaborate Press parties, no front-page headlines. Instead, he settled down on two floors of a building just off Soho Square and he started building up a team of artists.

For work he gave them what he called five-finger exercises in cartoon making. His company, G. B. Animation, Ltd., proceeded to make animated diagram sequences for children's films and for educational and technical pictures. Later he made a short advertising cartoon in Technicolor—a two-minute film about a little darkie pixie named Coco.

Artists' Colony on the Thames

In its way it made a bit of film history, for it was the first effort of Hand's team in the field of cartoon story-telling.

In those days, G. B. Animation had only a score or so of employees and little equipment. Gradually, piece by piece, the complicated machinery used in photographing cartoons was assembled, and the unit moved up the river to Cookham.

There it is today, a complete artist's colony of more than 200 people in a pretty Thames-side village. They have their own club, their own restaurant and even their own dormitories—for the housing problem is acute down at Cookham. The women have a house to themselves in the village. The men have a long chalet. The lucky ones have found houses in the neighbourhood.

The marriage rate among the cartoon artists is very high. They meet on the job. They marry. And if the wife retires after marriage, David Hand, who knows how hard it is to find these artists, shrugs his shoulders and talks sadly of the difficulty of replacing them.

Of an evening they are apt to invade the local pub, which they have decorated with a really brilliant Rake's Progress, a mural occupying one whole room, representing the various stages of insobriety. Life, they have found, can be very pleasant down at Cookham.

Job with a Future

The job itself is tolerably well paid and it offers a future. If British cartoon films succeed, and if Cookham builds up into a studio comparable, say, with Disney's, then there will be some handsome salaries for the animators who will be the pioneers of a small but important industry.

With the exception of the technical and camera staff, and the girls who fill in the various colours on the sketches, almost everyone in the studio is an artist who has started as an assistant animator.

They are found when working in art schools or commercial agencies, are taken to Cookham and given quite a long course of training, during which they are housed by the unit. If they succeed they are attached to a senior animator and set to work in his studio.

How are these cartoons designed? How many drawings are necessary to get one finished picture, lasting eight or nine minutes on the screen?

The answer is that film moves through a projector at the rate of twenty-four pictures or frames a second, which is over

1,400 a minute. In practice nearly every frame needs a separate drawing, so in a ten-minute picture there will be well over 14,000 sketches. That is where the time and the organization comes in.

The process starts in the story department, with David Hand in charge. Here the idea is conceived, the characters and their goofy antics created. A rough shape emerges in a series of rough-and-ready master drawings pin-pointing the chief events of the film.

These roughs are given to the film's director, who is responsible for the laborious job of building up the thousands of pictures.

His first concern is sound and dialogue. A piece of talk—even wild, cartoon talk—is first recorded. When it is perfect it is timed, each vowel and sound being marked on a "track sheet." The sheet tells the animators exactly how long a piece of dialogue or a special effect lasts, and they can adjust the number of their drawings accordingly. If a character speaks for one second his lips would need to move for twenty-four frames, this being the number of pictures which go through the projector in that time.

Passed to the Animators

Thus, piece by piece, the director marks out the main points in the film. He discusses each scene with layout artists and with background artists, and slowly sketches are produced for the animators. All this while a colour scheme is being agreed on.

Then, when he is satisfied with his master scenes, the director hands them on to the animators. The animator works out the details of the various drawings required to make the movements needed on the screen. These are first done in rough. When agreed they are numbered, and an "in-betweener" then starts the long job of making the drawings of the action to link up with the key sketches of the animator.

The act of a man bending his elbow might start with a key sketch showing a straight arm and end with a second sketch showing the elbow bent. The in-betweener would need to draw the arm bending in several positions, otherwise the finished movement would look too jerky on the screen.

When the in-betweener's sketches have been approved they pass to a "clean-up" man, who sharpens the outlines and generally cleans the drawings.

After that they go to the inking and painting department, where they are traced on to transparent celluloid tissues known as "cels," and are painted to conform to an agreed colour scheme.

Details Spring to Life

Once the drawing has been transferred to celluloid, it is ready for filming. Special cameras, pointing down from the ceiling, are used to photograph the sketches, one at a time.

As the film itself is put through a projector, each tiny movement on the individual drawings springs to life, as it were; the antics conceived in the story department a year or even two years before become part of a pattern, moving on the screen.

Then, last of all, the various sound tracks, the dialogue, the special effects and the music are combined and the picture takes its final shape.

The job is finished. It has been a feat of organization and it has required enormous patience. Everybody concerned has had to fight the tendency to go stale on so long an assignment. That is why Hand moves his key animators from picture to picture, to vary the monotony.

One thing is certain. Not one picture-goer in a thousand, chortling at the finished cartoon, ever stops to think of the headache that went to the making of it.

Memory of Juliette

by B. L. Jacot

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY BAILEY

He fully intended having it out about Juliette, but he'd keep calm, of course

MONSIEUR JEAN-GABRIEL LALANDE rose from the park bench and shook himself as a horse shakes himself when his harness is removed for the night. "Name of a name!" he breathed. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

One moment, surrounded by old women knitting in the sun, he had been idly watching the Parisian children playing with their hoops and their dolls and their mock tommy-guns, and the next—there was this tall, stooped figure passing like a shadow.

A spring breeze ruffled the Jardin du Luxembourg as Monsieur Lalande followed. It swayed the gay pyramid of the balloon-seller at the gate and found a counterpart in the surging breast of Monsieur Lalande, whose Gallic emotions were now responding to something not unlike a clarion call. He crossed the rue Guynémer, rounded the kiosk and entered the cobbled courtyard of an old house into which the other had just disappeared.

In spite of himself there was a quaver in Monsieur Lalande's voice as he addressed himself to the concierge. "I look for Monsieur Doumet, madame."

"The Professor, m'sieur? But he has just entered! Fifth floor where the stairs end."

Monsieur Lalande bowed and left her in her little glass-fronted hutch. He addressed himself to the task of bearing his prosperous little paunch up the stairs. A son of the South, where emotion springs like water from a burst pipe, Monsieur Lalande was curiously aware at this climactic moment of his life of a certain reluctance in his feet. He had hoped for a moment that he might have been mistaken.

The Professor was removing his overcoat when he walked in. "I," said Monsieur Lalande, "am Jean-Gabriel Lalande."

"You have, perhaps, a little fellow who requires personal attention with his studies, monsieur?"

"I have no son!" cried Monsieur Lalande, striking an attitude. "Can it be said that you fail to recognize me?"

The Professor gave him a quick and startled second glance, and the tired look faded. He nodded.

"I have," continued Monsieur Lalande, with mounting colour, "a little business with you." He was about to add, "Brigand!" But he controlled himself. He prided himself that he could remain superbly calm, even at a moment like this.

"Perhaps, Monsieur, you will do me the honour of taking a chair?"

Monsieur Lalande removed his gloves, retaining one in the right hand. The room, he could see, was as shabby as the Professor's coat, and the fellow had a ragged moustache which had aged him.

"A glass of wine, perhaps?" the Professor bleated.

Monsieur Lalande noticed then the cloth spread over a corner of the table, with a length of bread, two slices of grey liver sausage on a plate, and a bottle of wine which his instinct warned him would be better used as metal polish. Monsieur Lalande's delicate stomach shied like a frightened horse from this evidence of what was meant for a meal.

"I chance to be on a visit to Paris," he said. "The first time for years I have left my factory at Marseille. For five years I have waited to meet you again, and now Providence has thrown you across my path!"

"In the circumstances, Monsieur," the Professor replied with a sigh, "I can understand your emotions."

Monsieur Lalande was a little troubled to know how to proceed. He was conscious of the sound like a rain of cavalry

M. Lalande leapt up. "Assassin! Traitor! Espèce de boeuf!" he yelled

trumpets calling him for the honour of France to blaze in a smother of glory and vindication—but perhaps he had gone over this scene so often in his mind it had taken on a permanent dream-quality.

"You know why I have followed you here, monsieur," he said with a punctilio that won his own warm approbation.

"That, too, I can understand." The Professor stood uncertainly for a while, then sat down abruptly.

Peste! thought Monsieur Lalande, and a curious silence hung over them.

When the war broke out Monsieur Lalande was already working in the family factory of *comestibles*—for even then it was clear that he had inherited that most priceless possession, that most enviable attribute, the family nose. Monsieur Lalande's nose had never faltered among the good things to eat—not even when he got back to the South after a ten-minute war in which he managed, nevertheless, to get his right foot shot off.

He lost his foot but retained his nose. And while in hospital did he not find Juliette?

"Name of a blue pipe!" Monsieur Lalande now cried suddenly. "Did I not give her everything a woman could wish for? Flowers, jewels, clothes, perfumes—but everything of the finest, you understand!"

"You were rich and luckily able to do so."

MONSIEUR LALANDE'S heart took a wild bound back over the years and began to throb at the thought of the delicate freshness of Juliette's features, piquant as newly-mixed *paté de Dijon*; the adorable bouquet of her hair; her skin with the smooth texture of the finest small red caviare. . . .

It was true he had not been quite rich enough. "Just in time to save the business, *mon fils*," his mother said unkindly at the time of Monsieur Lalande's great loss.

"My whole life was laid at her adorable little feet!" Monsieur Lalande recalled with emotion. "My passion—name of a dog!—flamed like a shooting star."

The Professor sighed. A faint spark showed for a moment in his weary eye, but it was quickly quenched. "She was a woman in a thousand," he said. "What *chic* she had!"

"Everywhere she went, eyes were drawn to her!"

"The carriage of a queen. She only had to walk down the street."

"Such delicacy of movement," pursued Monsieur Lalande. "Sometimes I think that, as with great music, one has to be born with it."

"I entirely agree with you, monsieur. Like a cloud that floats free in the skies. The angels doubtless have it."

Monsieur Lalande cleared his throat. "This is no time to speak of angels," he reminded.

"I perceive, monsieur," the Professor said, "that you are about to strike me across the cheek with your folded glove——"

The cue was given and Monsieur Lalande's comfortable jowl became mantled in red. He leapt to his feet, waving his arms.

"Assassin! Traitor! *Espèce de boeuf!*" he yelled. "You come to my house and you stay as the honoured guest and acquaintance of my mother, and what do you occupy yourself with behind my back but——"

"But no, monsieur!"

"Pah! Do not lie to me! When you left you took my wife with you, and now, one of us shall die! By pistol shot." Monsieur Lalande raised a finger and sighted along it with one eye. "Or by rapier." He made a lunge towards the Professor with his legs apart and a hand raised up at the back of his head. "What matter? I owe it to you as much as to myself."

"To me, monsieur?" the Professor faltered.

"To Juliette," Monsieur Lalande added for good measure. "To her imperishable memory!"

The Professor had backed away nervously behind his chair. "Monsieur," he said as he came forward again, "if we are to fight, we must fight. Honour is a sacred thing. But—it is an academic point and of no interest whatsoever, of course—I did not take your wife away with me when I left your house where I was so happily entertained—and with what good fare!—as your mother's guest."

"Brigand! Pig! What are you implying?" Monsieur Lalande's expression changed to one of mournful reproach. "You were of good appearance, a young lawyer of promise, a man of excellent family—"

"I still did not steal your wife. If the point is of any interest to anyone at this juncture."

"Speak you ingrate! Why do you hesitate?"

"When I was already on the train, settled down for my journey to Lyons, she came weeping along the corridor. No thought of any such thing as taking her from you had ever entered my head, I assure you. But—when she told me she had long since decided to leave you . . . she was of a beauty so rare, so ravishing—"

"So irresistible!"

"I thank you, monsieur—so irresistible, what could I do when she begged my protection until we reached Lyons, where she was going to stay with her aunt?"

"She had no relations in Lyons!" screamed Monsieur Lalande.

"That I soon discovered, monsieur."

IN the pause that followed Monsieur Lalande collected himself. He did not wish to convey the impression that he was excited. "You had a fine fortune from your family, monsieur. How long did it last?"

"Nearly three months. We spent a honeymoon in Paris and Algiers. By almost ruining yourself, monsieur, you set a standard that was hard to follow. Before we could get round to being married—I had no money left, and somehow I never came to practise my profession again."

Monsieur Lalande shook his head. "When we are young, monsieur, these tragedies pull at the heart, do they not?"

"One has to learn. You married again, of course?"

"I could never face the thought of it."

"Believe me, monsieur, I respect the nobility of your emotion."

"Thank you. Sometimes, I assure you, when I awake in the night I think of the expense of it. And I will admit to you now, it will give me little personal happiness if it turns out that I kill you."

"To die at your hands would be a more desirable fate, as far as I am concerned," said the Professor sadly. "For should it be that I am to kill you, my grief would be beyond bounds."

"To look into her eyes," Monsieur Lalande remembered, "was to peer into mountain pools."

"And what soul she possessed in her hands!" the Professor seconded.

"Her fingers were soft as the wings of a moth."

"At times when I am lonely and my thoughts are sad, I think of her slim hands sparkling with jewels——"

"When she left me," Monsieur Lalande recalled, "she took not only the jewels but also the cases. For herself she was practical."

"When she left me," the Professor mused, "she left me little beyond tender memories. Yet, I still find myself thinking at times of the stardust in her hair. . . ."

"To be young and ardent," sighed Monsieur Lalande, "and to have such beauty, if only to sit opposite one at the table. I have even been guilty of mistaking a vintage in such circumstances—can you imagine it!"

"Is it possible?" demanded the Professor. For an embarrassed moment he turned a forefinger with a brisk screwing motion into the recesses of his ear. "I have to admit to you that my own swooning ecstasy was marred always by the thought that what I had so fortuitously gained, you, monsieur, had alas so unhappily lost."

"An elevating thought for which I am grateful." Monsieur Lalande wiped furtively at his eye. "For me it was that she was always a little ashamed that I had only one foot."

"For me, it was that I stood possessed, not so much of income as of capital, which should so soon, as it were, eat itself up."

"Yet, my friend, let us recall that the sound of her laugh was like the stir of the wind in the treetops."

"For me," corrected the Professor, perhaps somewhat incautiously, "it always recalled to me the silver plash of a mountain stream."

But Monsieur Lalande's eye was still clouded with a poetic tenderness. "A sound of pure enchantment either way, my friend."

ONCE more that curious silence, like an echo of its former self, hung over them. It was a moment when anything might have happened, but Monsieur Lalande's embarrassed gaze chanced to light on the cold liver, and he shuddered. It seemed to act on the situation as a catalyst, precipitating the issue.

"My friend," he said, "will you permit me to observe something of life which has just occurred to me? Glory, when it comes—what imperishable thoughts does it not stir? Music—what rapture can it not bring to garnish the passing moment with enchantment! And women! Who can find words to convey the ecstasy of which they are the fleeting messengers?"

The Professor was reduced by the thesis to a philosophical silence.

"But," continued Monsieur Lalande, "such things pass, and I occupy myself at the moment in reflecting that a good meal is always a good meal. And it presents itself twice a day."

"Indubitably," the Professor stated, "you have something there."

"I am thinking, further, that if you would do me the honour of eating with me this very day we might perhaps chance on some little place where we could make an intelligent *déjeuner*."

The Professor stroked his ragged moustache with the back of his scholarly hand and angled himself into his coat with some dispatch. "I have in mind," he said, "the very place, just round the corner."

"Then," summed up Monsieur Lalande, "what is stopping us from attending now to serious matters? After you, my friend!"

"A thousand times no!" insisted the Professor. "After *you*!"

The concierge in her box watched them as they turned into the rue Guynémer and set off down the wide stone-flagged walk. Monsieur Lalande's arm was linked companionably in that of his old acquaintance, and his cane twirled in the spring sunshine at his side.

Idle chatter had ceased and in their faces now was that spiritual—almost holy—look with which the good Frenchman and Great Lover approaches his lunch.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

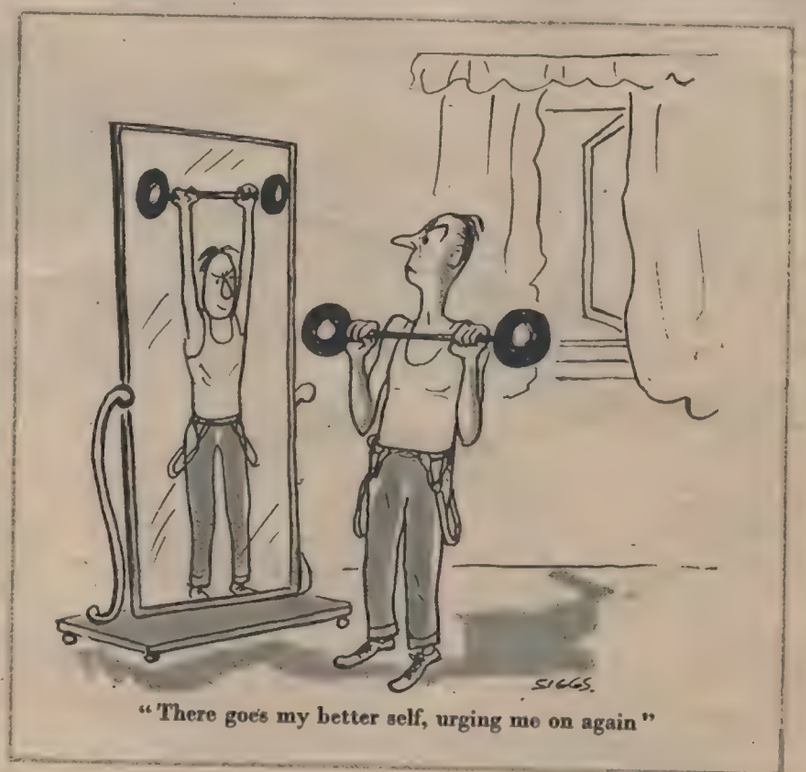
Those Promises

CHARMING people, it has been said, are seldom the most reliable. A sweeping generalization, yes—but there is something in it.

We have all known cases of a tradesman who has promised to complete a job by a certain time—only to fall down on his promise. No doubt it was, in its way, charming of him to give the undertaking, but he did so at the expense of sincerity and reliability.

To promise only what we are sure we can accomplish and to make certain we actually do what we have promised; that is the soundest foundation on which to build a successful life.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"There goes my better self, urging me on again"

For the *whitest* teeth in the *freshest* mouth

COLGATE'S

"By what power am I called hither?"

The King's angry voice rings out through Westminster Hall, challenging the right of his judges to try him. The Roundheads murmur uneasily as Charles begins to pick the flaws in their case.

He is a doomed man and knows it. But he fights now for every man's right to a fair trial.

"It is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for."

A Roundhead soldier laughs derisively. Royalists cheer wildly in the public gallery. . .

And Bobby sits at his desk in class listening to the B.B.C. Schools Broadcast. Sits entranced. This isn't dry text book history. It's fascinating, grimly alive. Something a chap will remember even in the hectic rush of an exam.

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Mrs. L. Gold with Franklyn (seven); twin Janice; Peter (four) and twin Roger

FREE SPEECH

An idea to avoid Christmas postal rush; when coupons must be bought; Government trainees can't find jobs

EACH CHRISTMAS, the public is implored to post early to avoid the rush—and each year very much the same mad rush occurs.

As a more practical method of persuasion, why not halve all postal rates between the fifth and eleventh of December, and double them between the eighteenth and twenty-fourth? That should do the trick.—ERIC WHITE, 354 Bedfont Lane, Feltham, Middlesex.

Replacing Lost Coupons

RECENTLY, FOUR TEA COUPONS were cut out of my family's ration books in error. Applying to the local food office to have them replaced, I was charged four shillings for the four new ones.

Querying this, I was told that the charge was a shilling a book, whether one coupon or a whole page had to be replaced.

This seems to me most unfair. There should be a graduated scale of payments for coupon replacements, depending on the number missing.—G. HALL, 19 Sylvester Avenue, Stockport, Cheshire.

Training Courses Waste Money

TWELVE MONTHS AGO I completed a radio mechanic's course at a Government training centre. There were fourteen of us in the class, all disabled ex-Servicemen. When the time came for us to leave, only two men had any prospect of a job. The rest of us were set adrift to fend for ourselves.

After searching for a job without luck, I applied to the Ministry of Labour, and was told by an official that he would let me know within a few days. Seven weeks later, I still hadn't heard, and so got into touch with the training college. Two technical experts came to interview me, promised me a job and said they would "let me know."

Tired of waiting, I applied to the district rehabilitation office, and there, too, was encouraged with hopes of a job. They, too, would "let me know."

I still haven't heard a word from any of them. Of the two men who originally got jobs, one found he had to work for next to nothing, and so reverted to his original trade. The rest are still unemployed. And these training courses cost hundreds of pounds of the taxpayers' money!—A. K. JONES, Miners' Hostel, Knutton, Newcastle, Staffs.

Radio Officer on the Dole

I AM AN EX-SERVICEMAN wasting time on the dole because, under a Government training scheme, I qualified as a radio officer, Merchant Navy.

The taxpayer has paid nearly £500 to train me, and now, after four months of fruitless applications to shipping companies, I am coming to the conclusion that it has all been wasted.—J. HUNTER, 14 Byron Terrace, Shotton Colliery, Co. Durham.

Sooner Play Dominoes

A LETTER IN JOHN BULL, October 9, asked why we have European voluntary workers on the land in preference to British workers.

A notice has appeared for some time at a local labour exchange, asking for forty workers to help on the land a few miles away. Good wages are offered, but so far no one has accepted. Yet in this same district there are many young men aged from eighteen to twenty-six who are content to play dominoes in pubs and remain unemployed.—W. ATKINSON, 40 Westbury Street, Millfield, Sunderland.

Foreigners Work Well

THE READER WHO CLAIMED that European voluntary workers were getting better treatment here than our own workers was wrong. I work at an industrial and miners' hostel. Most of the staff are E.V.W.—and their wages are about £3 5s. a week.

They get it because British workers won't accept the jobs. Thirty-five per cent of the residents are also foreigners. They are miners and heavy steel workers, and they are paid union rates. These workers are doing an excellent job under difficult conditions and without home comforts.—MRS. E. W., Shropshire. (Full name and address enclosed.)

No Ballyhoo for Twins

A TARGET FIGURE OF £10,000 has been set for the fund opened for the quadruplets recently born in Bristol, and two nurses and a home help have been provided, in addition to a larger house.

All very well, but what about women like me? My twins were due on the same date as the quads' birthday, but they were born three weeks earlier. The strain of carrying twelve and a half pounds while pregnant, plus having to care for my other two children, a delicate child of seven and a small boy of four, without any home help, hasn't done my health any good.

My husband gives me £3 5s. a week, plus 15s. family allowance, and with this I have to cope. No funds, no ballyhoo for us, but the kids have got to be brought up all the same.—MRS. L. GOLD, 65 Evelyn Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

"Bitten" by Dentist . . .

SUFFERING agonies with toothache, I recently visited a local dentist and sat down to await my turn. After an hour the receptionist told me that it would be impossible to fit me in, unless I were prepared to pay as a private patient.

By this time I was past waiting any longer, so in I went to the dentist, who greeted me with the remark, "You understand, Madam, that I can only take out your tooth as a private patient?" That extraction cost me ten shillings! I wonder how many other people have been "bitten"?—MRS. C. H. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . Toothache Has to Wait

IT IS MOST UNFAIR that, under the National Health Service, a person with agonizing toothache cannot get priority treatment.

I tried to get an emergency extraction on Saturday, and was told to return on Monday. A friend went to five dentists before he found one to end his misery.

I realize that dentists have much added work under the new scheme, but an emergency extraction should be a priority however much it puts the appointments book out.—F. G. GRIFFITHS, 5 Orwell Street, Grimsby, Yorks.

Annual Re-stocking

THE LETTER IN FREE SPEECH about a man who had worn the same socks for forty years (JOHN BULL, October 9) reminded me of an old lady I knew who used to boast that she had worn the same pair of stockings for twenty years. Only, she added, she knitted new feet on them every spring, and new legs every autumn.—A. MACKIE, 98 Nicol Street, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

P.S.

On Equality for Women

"EQUALITY of woman is a myth," said Karmala Purnaiya in her article, "I Pity the Poor Englishwoman" (JOHN BULL, October 2). Why should the question of equality arise at all? Men are better than women at some types of work, and women are better than men at others.—*Warren Hastings, 31 Hayway, Rushden, Northants.*

MOST WOMEN look on a job as a stop-gap, until the right man comes along. Knowing this, can an employer be blamed for choosing men for key posts? It isn't discrimination, but plain common sense.—*Elizabeth E. Brooke, 54 Mere Road, Leicester.*

IMAGINE the inconvenience if a high executive or top Government official had to retire during a crisis because she was going to have a baby. Until we produce babies from laboratories, it doesn't seem possible for full equality of the sexes in employment.—*L. R. Middleton, 134 Leigh Hall Road, Leigh-on-Sea.*

SCRUBBING pans and darning socks takes up a very small part of our lives, and if we run our homes with method and intelligence there should be plenty of time to relax without feeling guilty. It's unjust to blame men for high heels and hobble skirts. Women dress to impress other women!—*Mrs. M. P. C., Montrose, Angus.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

I AGREE, it is a shame that women are condemned to the drudgery of staying at home, while men have the time of their lives cutting coal down the mines, playfully gambolling in holes in the road, in foundries, smelting furnaces and sewers, or sweeping the streets. It just isn't fair!—*T. Green, 24 Lonsdale Avenue, Kingsway, Rochdale.*

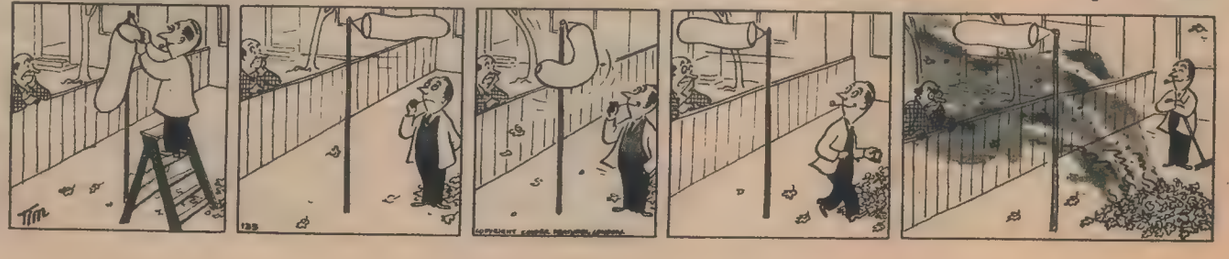
I HAVE earned a high salary in an office, been private secretary to an hotel manager, and am now part-time secretary to a group of five doctors. Does Karmala Purnaiya really feel that responsible posts like these are "drudgery," or require "little initiative"?—*Mrs. Barbara J. Borrett, 46 Uxbridge Road, Kingston-on-Thames.*

TOO OFTEN parents overlook bad behaviour in their sons while condemning it in their daughters. Little wonder that boys grow up with the idea that they are little gods who can do no wrong.—*Mrs. M. E. G., Chippenham, Wilts.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



THE VILLAGE GETS LIT UP

by JOHN PUDNEY

Fireworks are short again this year, but here's one village that believes in Bonfire Business as Usual

EVERY MONDAY NIGHT this autumn an earnest committee of citizens with a solemn load of frivolity on their minds has met in the saloon bar of the "King and Queen" at Edenbridge.

Their purpose has been to create as much noise, as much colour, as much fire, as much frolic as you can get in one smallish town on the night of November 5: for they are the committee of the Edenbridge Bonfire Society.

The township of Edenbridge (pop. 4,000), nestling in the Weald just beneath that slope of the North Downs which Winston Churchill sees from his study window, claims to have celebrated the anniversary of the gunpowder plot almost every year since 1605, when the arch plotter, Guy Fawkes, was discovered.

Ten Thousand Torches

Last year, more than 40,000 visitors went to Edenbridge to take part in these revels. With the townsfolk, they kept away the chill of the November night by means of 10,000 torches, innumerable crackers and fireworks, and a forty-foot high bonfire which the Edenbridge men spent their Sundays throughout the autumn building in the town field.

The committee of the Bonfire Society is truly representative of Edenbridge. This year's president is the postman, H. H. Muggridge, who has fifty years' experience of bonfires. Other committee members, each of whom is assigned a definite rôle in the great night, include three farmers, two housewives, a spinner, a tanner, a bricklayer and a musician.

These committee men and women control a prodigious amount of voluntary work. The hedge trimmings must be carried for the huge bonfire in Town Field. The torches, consisting of a bit of waste on the end of a stick dipped in unusable oil, must be made. The dances must be organized. Arrangements for transport—and beer—must be made for the bands (nine of them this year) which come from surrounding districts.

The town is divided into three sections for the big night.

From the last days of summer, these three sections vie with one another to create tableaux and fancy dresses to glorify their part of the general procession. Such is the secrecy and rivalry that no member of one section knows the plans of another until the procession itself forms up ready for the judges to decide who has put up the best show.

What a Rocket!

Two years ago, Pat Southon and his workmen built, in absolute secrecy in a small garage, a working model of Stephenson's *Rocket*. They had to take a hedge down when this fierce contrivance emerged. It was worth it to see their rivals' consternation as the *Rocket* chuffed down Edenbridge High Street.

The first reason for this annual convulsion by the good people of Edenbridge is the fun they get out of it—fun that is justified by the raising of a large sum for charity. Another is that it is a link with Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot. But there are reasons that are deeper and go back even further than that.

From time immemorial, the peoples of Europe have celebrated fire festivals that have aimed at the purification and warding off of evil spirits.

It was a common belief that sparks and smoke rising into the open air would suffocate witches who might be riding their broomsticks. Some folk went so far as to leave scythes with their blades upwards to receive the stricken spirits as they fell.

Evil Spirits, Public Enemies

One festival, widely observed until recent time, was the fire lit on Hallowe'en, October 31, eve of All Saints' or All-Hallows' Day. In these fires were burnt what we should now call "guys." These might have been images representing either evil spirits or public enemies.

Since the date of Hallowe'en so nearly coincides with November 5 it seems almost certain that the unfortunate Guy Fawkes merely created a revival of an ancient legend. And the burning in effigy of national enemies—from Napoleon to Hitler—shows that the legendary burning of bad spirits and enemies still has a hold on us.

Pagan rites apart, a loud bang, a brass band, dressing up, the excited laughter of children and a bonfire the size of a house are innocent and stimulating ingredients, a tonic to warm the heart in preparation for a long English winter, as anybody in Edenbridge will tell you.

Postman H. H. Muggridge leans on barrel that will set off giant bonfire

All's ready in the powder-house

by DENNIS HOLMAN

NOVEMBER 5, to the firework makers, is very little more than just another day. Their main business lies in catering for the displays which go on all through the year, all over the country, very nearly all over the world.

British pyrotechnists get plenty of travel. One man, just retired after fifty-six years' service with Brock's, at Hemel Hempstead, went to Budapest in 1903 to light up the Danube in honour of the Emperor; to South Africa, Belgium, France and Italy in 1904; to Canada in 1908. In 1905, 1907 and 1909 he was in India.

Today the overseas trade in fireworks is as big as ever; sixty per cent of output is earmarked for export.

At home, with an average of thirty displays a week, lighting up the summer skies from Manchester's Belle Vue to Margate's Dreamland, the "display hands" are kept constantly moving, rigging up fountains of fire, illuminated portraits, burning bushes and constellations of stars. Currently they are thinking up new forms of bang, flash and splutter for the Royal tour of Australia.

Displays can cost anything up to five figures, depending on size, time for planning, distance the display hands have to travel—an awful amount of money to be sent up in smoke. But the firework men claim that, if you take into account the enormous number of people who can watch a display, the cost need not work out at more than a farthing a head.

The Hemel Hempstead factory, the biggest in the country, employs 500 men and women and has 600 magazines and drying rooms with a storage capacity of 1,300,000 pounds of fireworks.

Matches are Forbidden

Production is done in a series of tiny sheds, separated from each other by upright metal shields. Workers wear rubber covering over their shoes, and the floors are carpeted with a rubber composition to guard against sparks. Matches and cigarette lighters are strictly forbidden. The place bristles with fire-fighting apparatus.

Safety is not just a matter of being cautious, but of knowing the habits of things like sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre, and the way they behave in company with each other.

The simplest fireworks are those in which the mixture and the outer paper tube which contains it burn down together. Into this category come the lights used for illuminations and distress signals, and the "lances," about the thickness of a cigarette, which outline the designs of set pieces. In a big display several miles of lances are used.

Fireworks which produce a fountain of sparks are those with a case that does not burn away. The force of the jet is controlled by choking the outlet from the tube. Golden rains, rockets and squibs belong to this group. Roman candles, throwing up single stars at intervals, are made on the same principle, but with several layers of stars and mixture, and a pinch of gunpowder to blow out each individual star.

Bombshells are mortar projectiles, filled with stars and set to explode on a time-fuse. Brock's biggest, which was used at the London victory celebrations in 1946, weighs 200 pounds, has a circumference of more than two yards, is blown out of a two-ton mortar, and goes up 1,000 feet.

Firework-making looks easy, but the director of Brock's has this advice for amateurs: "Don't try it. In the first place, it's dangerous—particularly when somebody is crazy enough to start ramming explosives down a piece of metal piping. In the second place, it's illegal."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IN many families the Hallowe'en festival serves as a kind of dress rehearsal for Guy Fawkes Night. Douglas L. Mays says that his wife was brought up as a Hallowe'en fan, so that the traditional game of bobbing for apples, which he has pictured in the cover painting, is a "must" for the Mays children on October 31

WITH MY FEET UP

Plenty for Your Money

A FEW DAYS AGO I found a newspaper cutting which read, "Scantily clad girls danced on a balcony in Tokyo as part of the Government's anti-inflation publicity campaign. 'Save Your Yen' announcements were made between dances."

Here is something to brighten life in the Civil Service. Instead of filling those Whitehall balconies with flower boxes, the Office of Works could easily fill them with dancing girls. Then the great, big admiring public would save a lot of money because they would be goggling at the girls instead of paying to see them in theatres.

There would be the "Foreign Office Follies" and a smashing sisters' act, "Phyllis Phuel and Poppy Power."

* * *

There would be a controversy at the War Office as to whether its dancers should be recruited from members of the theatrical profession or from the A.T.S. I feel that the public would prefer Mr. Cochran's front line chorus to Mr. Shinwell's front line fighters.

There would be no difficulty in getting a decorative troupe for the steps of the Min. of Ag. and Fish. All the Min. need do is to send out a trawler with instructions to bring in a netful of mermaids. As the Ag. department would probably prefer large buxom wenches, the Fish. section could always throw the little ones back.

All this sex appeal would be much more attractive than posters and other inducements to people to join the Savings movement. Introduce some dancing girls into the movement (and some movement into the dancing girls) and you'd get people falling over each other, and over the dancing girls, to put their money in the bank and combat inflation.

* * *

I should perhaps make it clear that I am not suggesting these ideas in order to set up rival entertainments to those of the National Coal Board. In fact, in order to promote healthy competition between the two amusement sections, I can suggest new ideas to the Coal Board.

For instance, I suggest that the Coal Board should search for a housewife to bear the title "Mrs. Kitchen Nuts"; and a man to be known as the Whitest Man in the Black Country. They could also produce a revue called "The Seamy Side."

In fact, when a few more influential groups are entertaining us, the Americans can rightly refer to us as "the British Theatre" of operations.

by Ian Fox

ADVICE TO A BUDDING SPORTSMAN

by Alan Hoby

Any boy who wants to become a footballer must use his head both on and off the field

MY DEAR JOHN, your father tells me you want to take up sport as a career. I see that your school report describes you as a "brilliant all-rounder," so I suppose you want to capitalize your talents and become a famous footballer or cricketer. Or maybe a boxer.

Well, my advice is—forget it. Become a tailor, a butcher or a baker. But don't aspire to be a god of the fickle multitude. For you can be a hero one day and a has-been the next.

However, if you're adamant about taking up sport, *don't* be a professional; be an amateur.

That sounds strange, doesn't it? But you'll learn that there's a lot of hypocrisy in top-grade sport; that often the amateur, who is supposed to play for the love of the game, is on as good a thing financially as the professional.

Take cricket. Many amateurs earn as much as £1,000 a year. They draw what are known as expenses, which, in some county sides, average as much as three guineas a day. They're amateurs, but cricket is their *living*. In other ways, too, the so-called amateur scores over the bona-fide professional.

Your father tells me that last term you captained your school team. You may dream of captaining England at cricket one day. There's a chance of that—provided you're an amateur.

Because the M.C.C. still, in some respects, lives in the reign of Edward VII, an amateur must always captain England. Walter Hammond could never have skippered his country as a professional. He had to change his spots.

Now let's take football. League soccer, of course, is the greatest public entertainment in the world. But think twice, John, before putting your name to the form that some persuasive manager may dangle before your eyes. For, if you put your signature to it, you may find that you have unwittingly signed on for life.

Great Footballers, But . . .

If you believe that being a professional footballer is a glorious life with adequate cash rewards and security, I suggest you study the cases of two of the greatest footballers of all time.

The first is Wilf Mannion, the English international. Mannion, after more than ten years with Middlesbrough, decided to give up the game—temporarily at any rate—because his club refused to release him and he, in turn, swore he would never sign for it again.

Now Mannion is at the peak of his playing powers. But, under the rules of the Football Association — the body which governs the finance of big football —Mannion could never leave his club if it offered him any terms above the minimum wage laid down by the League.

In other words, if a club refuses to transfer a player he is virtually tied to that club.

Remember, too, John, that football benefits are not compulsory. It is entirely up to the club whether it decides to grant a footballer a benefit or not. Some clubs treat their players magnificently. I said *some* clubs.

My second example of the snags of professional soccer as a career is luckless Willie Hall, one of the best inside-rights to play for his country.

Today, Willie is legless. He lost both his legs through thrombosis. But when misfortune hit him it took nearly two years of hard fighting before the Football League would grant him £250! Finally, his club put on a practice game for him and raised nearly £4,000. Not overmuch, surely, for a man who entertained millions.

In fairness, I mustn't seem too discouraging. You ought to know that the Players' Union is now agitating for a security scheme and for a different form of contract which won't tie a man to one team for life.

Nevertheless, my advice to you, John, is: If you want to be a footballer, don't become a professional. There are plenty of amateur clubs which will make it worth your while playing for them, with generous "expenses" on the side.

As for boxing, you've got to have the right manager or you'll get nowhere: a manager who is honest, trains you properly and picks your fights carefully. Too many fighters finish as perambulating punchbags because greedy managers exploit them as a lucrative but short-term investment.

I'm sorry, John, if I sound cynical, but you—and all those other boys intent on a sports career—should know exactly what you have to face *before* you start out in sport.

Today, big-time sport is hardly a sport at all. It is a business, whether you are a professional or an amateur.

And, as things are, it is far better to be an amateur, John. Far better.—Yours sincerely, *Alan Hoby*.

UNCLE ANDY — *A Trip Round the Tower*

HERE'S THE TOWER OF LONDON. ONCE UPON A TIME IT WAS LONDON'S FORTRESS. THE BUILDING WITH THE FOUR TURRETS IS THE WHITE TOWER. IT IS THE OLDEST AND WAS BUILT FOR WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR IN 1078
KINGS AND QUEENS USED THE TOWER OF LONDON AS A PALACE AND IT HAS ALWAYS GUARDED THE CROWN JEWELS. IT HAS ALSO BEEN AN ARSENAL FOR SMALL-ARMS AND A STATE PRISON. SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS IMPRISONED THERE FOR 13 YEARS
WHO'S THAT GENTLEMAN, UNCLE?
ME SON? I'M A YEOMAN WARDER, BUT PEOPLE CALL ME A BEEFEATER
THE RAVENS IN THE TOWER ARE FAMOUS. A LEGEND SAYS IF THEY DISAPPEAR THE WHITE TOWER WILL FALL
TOWER GREEN WHERE QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN AND LADY JANE GREY WERE EXECUTED. 1 WHERE ANNE BOLEYN WAS IMPRISONED. 2 THE KEEP. RUDOLF HESS WAS INTERROGATED HERE DURING THE LAST WAR. 3 LADY JANE GREY'S ROOM, NOW CHIEF WARDEN'S HOUSE

ON THE NATION'S BUSINESS

Continued from page 9

trifle surprised. The boss was usually rather curt with him. I do not know why, but for once he sounded quite kind and trustful. Perhaps he felt a bit like those French aristocrats going to the guillotine, that there was no point in being uppish any longer.

As I have said, it was a first-prize morning. There was a fair amount of traffic, but we had no check to begin with, except for the lights, which Collishaw had allowed for, and the Rolls went whispering across Hyde Park Corner and round into Constitution Hill.

Half-way down, the *bumpety-bumpety-thumpety-thump* of drums came through the trees. Ah, ah! I thought; trouble here, and I heard Collishaw say a bad word under his breath. It appeared he had not reckoned on the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace.

A band, with a policeman on a white horse in front, came out of the enormous iron gates and there was a rush of sight-seers across to the Victoria Memorial. We had to slow down to nothing almost and then stop dead.

This has torn it, I said to myself. Just then I caught sight of the boss's face in the mirror. He looked very angry. He was leaning forward. His face was as red as if it had been hot-towelled all over again. He flicked open the glass panel.

"This won't do at all," he said in a deliberately controlled way to poor old Collishaw. "Damn it, man," he said, his voice rising, "didn't you *know* we should run into this—this nonsense?"

Collishaw said he was sorry, he did not know about the Changing of the Guard. His voice shook. This was going to be important for him *and* for his wife and two kids. He knew that.

ONCE again I had that feeling I have mentioned, that the boss despised our English institutions and what not. The Guard changing meant nothing to him. I could see by the look in his eyes and tell by the sharpness of his voice that he was impatient not only with Collishaw but with tradition.

The crowd soon thinned out. We moved forward again. I saw that he was sitting back in his corner as if he was satisfied that, after all, though we had lost three or four valuable minutes, fate or destiny or whatever you like was on his side.

We went gliding nicely round into Birdcage Walk, all set for the last lap on what looked a perfectly straight course. We should be cutting it fine, even so. It was four minutes to twelve by the dashboard clock.

Then it happened. On the right-hand side there, past the big slate-coloured barracks where there were a few troops at drill, you come to the backs of some tall old houses with little gardens and patches of lawn, some kept up, some not. There is a bit of bomb damage at one point and what was a garden is now a rough piece with weeds and straggling shrubs.

Ahead of us I saw a policeman bending down on the path. I wondered, casually, what he was doing, tying up a shoelace or something. He stood up as we drew near, stepped out into the road and, with his back to us, put out his hand as a stop signal.

Collishaw's remark, under his breath again, cannot be printed, but it was funny coming from him. I nearly laughed. At the same time, a little group of people, who had apparently been watching the policeman, stepped into the road from the park side.

You could almost have believed it was by arrangement, they seemed so deliberate. They were looking at the policeman and laughing. He was making

Continued on next page

Blood-and-thunder Heroes Were Fine Types

I WONDER how many parents, nowadays, censor their children's reading—deciding what is "fit" for young minds and what is not. And I wonder if that kind of parental censorship ever does any good.

My own parents let me read whatever I liked. (I think they were both much too busy trying to keep a roof over our heads to bother about a minor detail like reading.) I learned the art fairly early. From the time I was six years old, I read everything I could lay my hands on. I was no literary critic in those days.

I read classics without knowing they were classics—or that they were good for me. I read "bloods" without realizing they were bloods—or that anyone might think they were bad for me.

I read more pious books than any other kind when I first started to read—not because anyone guided my reading but simply because pious books were easier to get hold of in our family. Bloods cost money, and I hadn't got much money.

These memories have been coming back to me while reading *Boys Will Be Boys*, a history of "blood and thunders," from Sweeney Todd to Dick Barton; written by E. S. Turner and published by Michael Joseph.

All our childhood heroes are here: Deadwood Dick, Buffalo Bill, Sexton Blake, Nelson Lee, Tom Merry, Harry Wharton, Billy Bunter—and, for the very old boys, even Jack Harkaway. There's also a mention of Grace Daring, the girl chauffeur, who used to have a rather rough time in the *Penny Wonder*. But I don't remember her. I don't think a *Penny Wonder* ever came my way.

I could seldom afford to pay a whole penny for a blood. I used to buy most of my bloods second-hand—three for a penny. Then, if I took them back to the shop untorn, I got a halfpenny back; six bloods for a penny, in the long run.

The only snag was that, after they'd been circulating around our rather slummy neighbourhood, some of them got so filthy that I could hardly read the print. The best bloods seemed to get filthiest first. So I was always being faced with a painful choice between the dullish but decent and the filthy but fascinating.

Index to the Thrills

No archaeologist ever pored over ancient hieroglyphics as patiently as I pored over the rubbed and stained pages of those bloods. The worst stains seemed to come at the most thrilling places—which was natural enough. I suppose the hand holding the sauce, or the jam, had trembled.

But until I reached the ripe old age of nine, or thereabouts, it never occurred to me that anyone could see anything wrong in the stories themselves. One day, the old lady who kept the newsagent's shop came over to me as I was picking out three very promising-looking Sexton Blakes. The cover of the top one, I remember, showed Sexton Blake on a murky riverside wharf, tackling a gang of smugglers single-handed. The smugglers all had knives. Sexton Blake was laying them out with his fists—as a gentleman should.

With a benevolent smile, he would tell the most horrifying ghost stories

The old lady looked shocked at this stirring picture. She said I was much too young to read dreadful stories like that. She had, she said, got any amount of nice fairy stories at the same price. They were much more suitable for a boy of my age.

I Felt Rather a Lad

I stared at her—quite taken aback. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. But I knew what I wanted, and nothing could shake my resolution. I left the poor old lady nearly in tears. She didn't feel it was right, she said, to take my money. (All the same, she took it.) And I walked out with my Sexton Blakes.

Like most such well-meaning attempts to shield the young and innocent, the chief effect of the old lady's homily on me (when I thought about it) was to make me feel I must be a rather dashing lad to be enjoying such dangerous literature.

Did it do me any harm? I don't think so. I was always rummaging for books at every house we visited. There weren't many to be found, but what I did find I pleaded for.

I'd read Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* and Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon* by the time I was seven. I was so hungry for reading, I'd gorge myself on anything. And the things some of the characters did in the classics I read would have made Sexton Blake blush to think of. Sexton Blake always behaved like a gentleman—no matter what happened.

As for the horrors, our curate used to tell us far more horrifying ghost stories (on our way home in the train in the evening, after the choirboys' outing) than anything I've ever read in a blood. What made it worse was the benevolent way he smiled at us when he came to the awful part. I sometimes wonder if he was having his revenge—after what must have been, for him, a very trying day. He certainly succeeded, for that once, in holding our full and silent attention—a whole carriageful of boys too stricken to gasp.

As a boy, of course, I wasn't aware of being "influenced" by anything I read. Yet, when I think now of all the penny dreadfuls I absorbed, I realize they must have had some effect on me.

I think I got one or two permanent ideas from those boys' papers; ideas that I can't trace back to any other source—the idea of fighting fairly, for instance; of never striking a foul blow; of never hitting an enemy when he's down.

Noble Dream World

Whether those are the best ideas for winning the battles of real life, I'm not absolutely sure. But I've found a certain satisfaction in trying to live up to them. On the whole, the dream-world of those boys' bloods was a noble world—far nobler in many ways than any real world we grown-ups have yet been able to offer them.

From those penny dreadfuls I learned a lot about black, and a lot about white; but I don't think I ever learned anything that was dirty grey.

G. K. Chesterton, I think, summed it all up in a paragraph quoted by E. S. Turner at the end of his book:

"The vast mass of humanity, with their vast mass of idle books and idle words, have never doubted and never will doubt that courage is splendid, that fidelity is noble, that distressed ladies should be rescued and vanquished enemies spared. . . . [Their literature] will always be a blood-and-thunder literature, as simple as the thunder of heaven and the blood of man."

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

"Paul looks successful now his constipation's done with"

says Mrs. G., of Brighton

"All last winter Paul looked depressed — it seemed as if life were too much for him. He kept saying there was nothing wrong, but I knew that just couldn't be true. Finally I got the idea it might be constipation and I started serving Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast. Well, I can't begin to describe the change! Paul just glows these days — you can see he's a man who's going places. And how he enjoys that daily plate of delicious All-Bran!"

You can relieve constipation with a Food

Many people today are constipated, because the foods they eat are too soft and starchy. These foods are almost completely absorbed by the body and what they leave in the intestines is not "bulky" enough for the muscles to "take hold of." Constipation is the result.

Kellogg's All-Bran — not a drug, not a medicine, but a delicious *food* — provides the missing "bulk" for bowel muscles. It makes grand eating, too. Try it tomorrow, and every day for breakfast — with milk and sugar, or mixed with stewed fruit or another breakfast cereal.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN *is the rich outer layers of wheat deliciously flavoured with malt and sweetened with sugar.* 7½*d.* a packet, from your grocer

JB

I flattered myself my teeth were really white . .

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ONE-PIECE *Snap-Action* **RAZOR**

No unscrewing, no separate parts to lose, no fuss, no bother, A flick—and the razor's ready to give you a shave that feels good to you and looks good to everybody else.

Ever-Ready de luxe SET

Comprising Ever-Ready Razor and six Ever-Ready Corrux Hollow Ground Blades n Handsome Bakelite Case, available in Various Colours.

COMPLETE **5/3** TAX PAID

Ever-Ready de luxe SET

ON THE NATION'S BUSINESS

Continued from previous page

a sort of beckoning movement with his right hand towards the railings.

Then I saw what was going on. Laugh! I nearly choked myself trying not to.

A mother duck was squeezing out through the railings. She had some little ducks with her—six I counted. They lined up behind her and started to follow her across the road.

Apparently she had reared them in an old static water tank there in the small wilderness at the back of the houses. She was moving them to permanent quarters on the lake in St. James's Park, just opposite, where the pelicans are.

The policeman, his hand still out, turned and gave us a friendly grin from under his close-trimmed ginger moustache, thinking, I suppose, that we were enjoying the joke as much as he. Speaking for myself, that was so. Speaking for poor old Collishaw, I can only say that he was biting his lip very hard, trying to stop himself crying rather than laughing, I have no doubt, knowing him.

As for the boss, the effect on him was awful. He looked on the verge of a stroke or something. His mouth was working like an old, old man's.

"What's all this? What's going on here? Get out of our way, you fool!" he shouted, opening the car door savagely and leaning out towards the policeman. As he did so, Big Ben started to chime the hour. I thought the heavens would fall.

"You ridiculous ass, you!" he raved, shaking his fist at the constable, who still had his back to us. "Let this car go on immediately!"

It made absolutely no impression on the policeman. The boss was so beside himself, as a result, that he lost his self-control for a moment or two and called that constable a string of names that strongly confirmed the rumours I had heard about his early life. He lapsed back into his origins, you might say, and pretty low they must have been. It made me feel most uncomfortable.

THEN—it was funny, it really was—he evidently remembered who he was supposed to be these days and where he was going to. Sobering up suddenly, he said in a loud, important voice:

"I'm on the nation's business! I—I'll report this direct to the Prime Minister!"

That made one or two of the people who were looking on nudge each other and then start to grin at us, particularly a young chap with yellowish hair who was wearing a vivid red tie and a badge of some sort in his buttonhole. He fairly let go. Roared. It did not help, I can tell you.

The sight of that chap standing there laughing at him made the boss furious. The car rocked as he jumped to his feet and fairly hurled himself into the road.

Rushing round to the front of us, he started to *shoo* the ducks out of the way.

The people who were looking on, and the young chap in particular, would not stand for that. They started to move towards the boss in a threatening way. Seeing them, he retreated back into the car.

The policeman was very calm about the whole thing. He gave the ducks a final wave across and then he turned round to us, unbuttoning a top pocket as he did so. He walked up to the car and looked in at the boss.

"One moment, sir, if you please," he said. I noticed that he had a country accent. It was unexpected, somehow. "Afraid I must ask for your name and address. Charge of insulting behaviour likely to lead to a breach of the peace, sir."

I tried my very best to keep from laughing. Perhaps it was a touch of the hysterics. I just felt that I could not bother to try any longer. I laughed and laughed until the tears came.

We were seven minutes late at Downing Street. The boss was shaking visibly when he got out of the car. He did not say a word to either of us. I had the feeling that I ought to resign on the spot, but felt I could hardly do that right in front of No. 10 Downing Street. Besides, there were people looking on.

I will admit that I felt a shade sorry, seeing him almost totter up to that famous doorway. If only he could have laughed it all off! But he hadn't the sense of humour.

Collishaw turned the car and then he let me have it—said I had lost him his job, for a certainty, as well as my own. In fact, we had words over it.

SOME ten minutes later the door opened and the boss came out. He looked even more careworn than when he went in. His old ruthless look had completely gone.

We were just moving off when he called out: "My brief case—get my brief case. I left it inside."

That was not characteristic of him, either. He had never shown that kind of inefficiency before. This is bad, I thought to myself.

I hopped out and went to the door and pressed the bell. The door opened. I explained what had happened and was asked in.

A man went off to look for the brief case. While he was gone a policeman on duty in the hall said to me: "That your boss just left? Sir somebody? Bloke in top hat?"

I said yes, and he said: "Bit out of sorts, isn't he? Took quite queer in the Cabinet room. They had to get him a glass of water. P.M. himself walked out into the hall here with him. Heard him complimenting your bloke on coming down here in such a public spirited way when he obviously wasn't feeling up to the mark. Quite a speech the P.M. made of it! Said the Cabinet wouldn't dream of putting any extra weight on his shoulders when everybody could see he needed a good rest. Ah, here's the missing brief case."

It was not more than an hour or so after we got back to Upper Grosvenor Street that the boss ordered me to ring up the agents and put the flat on their books. Then he sacked me. After that, he sacked Collishaw.

And that is all I know except that he went off to South Africa. I cannot see him coming back in a hurry, either.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Little Bit Extra

A READER WHO HAS been temporarily suspended from work writes:

"I have an opportunity of doing some light work at home and would like to know if I am allowed to do this while drawing unemployment benefit. I made inquiries at the employment exchange but did not get a definite answer. Can you advise?"

Unemployment benefit cannot be allowed for any days on which you are doing this work, unless it is the sort of work which could be undertaken in addition to your usual employment and outside your ordinary working hours. In that case your earnings must not exceed 3s. 4d. on the daily average.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

YOU CAN SOON BE CROWING!

IT'S no good grousing. Cheer up and things will improve. Put that sentiment in neat *Bullets* form and you have the recent £250 winner, CROAKING WON'T HELP, So—"CHIRRUP"—YOU'LL SOON "CROW"!

Country folk may lead lonely lives, but their nearness to nature can bring them closer to life's truths than townspeople. Express that in a few carefully chosen words and there's another First Prize *Bullet*: AWAY FROM IT ALL—SHEPHERD—NEAREST TO "EVERYTHING."

Now, £250 for *your* thoughts! Enter a few simple words on that coupon from this page and you may soon be smiling over the news that you've won a First Prize cheque *and* a Christmas feast.

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"Bullets" Prizes value over **£500**

£250 1st Prize plus XMAS LUXURY PARCEL

£25 plus Parcel–£10 plus Parcel

£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

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25 14-lb. XMAS PARCELS

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1,500 "Good Shots," with £10 Opportunity

UP TO 100 BOXES of CRACKERS

Enter eight or more *Bullets* and your Xmas Cake will be accompanied by fine Box of Crackers.

CHRISTMAS PARCELS like this one containing Xmas Pudding, Crystallized Fruit, Crackers, Jam, Cherries in Syrup, Soups, Sweetmeats, etc., etc., have been secured as Christmas Prizes for "Bulleteers." Another big batch will be won this week.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

To Safeguard Britain	Our Joint
Through The Fog	Had It
Where The Money Goes	A Bit Brutal
Design For Living	Hollow
Mr. Stork	Like a Gramophone
From Strength To Strength	Beautiful Barmaid
Somebody	Seeing's Believing, So
Put To The Test	Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions
Gathering Storm	More For..... .....
When Dad's In	The Other.....
Fortune's Wheel	Under .....Thumb
Too Slow	.....To Me
First In The Field	Certain .....
	We Don't Mind...,But

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 20, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,654 (or Xword 606) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to get help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 20 containing **FINAL FEASTS**

If this is your first specimen copy please mark × in this square.

467

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Fee: 1s. for 4 or 6d. for 2 "Bullets"—plain paper efforts, same rate.

Closing Postmark, **1,654** MON. NOV. 8

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

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RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated November 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 602

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Palm or Pals. 3, Bat. 7, Castle. 9, Seat. 12, Team. 13, Shave. 14, Rook. 15, Work. DOWN: 2, Leat. 4, Tunes. 5, Chink. 6, Blue. 8, Pay. 10, Paper. 11, Beer.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: S. Rowley, 15 Pitney Street, Vauxhall, Birmingham, 7.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 5 entrants. In addition Winner and Runners-up receive Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Services.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,650

FIRST PRIZE, £750 and THREE WISHES: E. Palmer, Flat 1, 23 Salisbury Road, Hove, 3: MAN IN THE STREET AVENUE, BOULEVARD, SEEKING "ROAD"

SECOND PRIZE, £50: J. H. Neville-Weaver, 13 St. George's Road, Truro, Cornwall: WITH US—ROYALTY "WORKS."

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Mrs. H. Robinson, 36 Maple Street, Great Harwood: THE BIG GIFT—THAT'S *Preventing* GOODWILL, ATOM.

OTHER AWARDS: £20: C. Pope, 36 Carminow Way, Newquay: DRUMS OF WAR—LEADING *Regimented* "GOATS"! £18: L. E. Fairey, 14 Beech Avenue, Northampton: NO FUTURE—YOU SEE? SEE YOUTH! £16: G. E. Whitehouse, 1 Beach Avenue, Old Colwyn: THE BIG QUESTION—HAS "GOLIATH" ATOMIC "PEBBLE"? £14: J. Ormerod, 17 Winster Avenue, Stretford: THE BIG RESPONSIBILITY—AMERICA HOLDS, "HOLDS" RUSSIA. £12: F. W. Mead, 3 Lodge Flats, Trumpet Hill, Reigate: THE BIG BANG—FIRST SECOND OF "THIRD."

FOUR of £10: Mrs. M. Cooke, 193 Kinson Road, East Howe, Bournemouth: AT SONNY'S SCHOOL—HUNDRED "BARTONS" — HEADMASTER, "SNOWY"! J. McClellan, 19 Crown Street, Liverpool, 7: THE BIG FLOOD—OF "LITTLE SQUIRTS," OFFICIALDOM! G. T. Patrick, "Springbank," Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham: IF ONLY THEY'D SEE—*Straight*—FROM *Our* ANGLE! Mrs. S. H. Stone, "Sunnyfields," 54 Ridgeway Road, Chesham: JOB FOR A PAPERHANGER — STRIPPING WALLPAPER OFF DAD!

EIGHT Prizes of £5, 100 Season Tickets, and 1,650 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XMAS CAKES and PUDDINGS for XWORDS

Awards value up to **£250**

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

DOUBLE XMAS BONUS of Xmas Cake and Pudding with every prize value 5s. and over

THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 31 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and a welcome prize with a Christmas Cake and Pudding may be yours.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 606

1. Person playing this can easily let down his side
2. Frost often puts an end to
6. This has a surprising amount of power
8. Doesn't remain the same for long
9. Spell of sunshine at right time may mean extra this for market-gardener
10. Is easy to draw
12. Quite commonly makes bit of a splash
13. Composer makes more or less frequent use of

Down Clues

1. Householder hasn't always time to repair the damage immediately this has blown over
3. Its loveliness could easily be marred by sudden gusts
4. Gaudiness of these comes in for criticism
5. Naturally inclined to grow disorderly
7. Contestants in Olympic games are all
8. Need not necessarily be feminine
11. There's a noise peculiarly characteristic of one

MORE XMAS FEASTS with THIS WEEK'S PRIZES

1G	O	A	■	■	2P	3L	A	N	■	
A	N	D	■	4T	I	A	R	A	■	
■	■	A	■	■	■	■	G	5B	■	
6E	A	G	■	E	■	E	A	S	E	
■	M	I	■	S	7A	■	■	■	A	
8M	O	O	■	■	■	9T	■	■	N	
O	K	■	■	10B	E	■	R	■	■	
D	■	11C	O	O	S	■	I	T	■	
E	R	A	T	O	■	12T	E	A	■	
■	■	■	■	13B	■	N	D	606		

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink, not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated November 20.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

606 Closing Postmark, MON., NOV., 8

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

SMALL ROOM'S SECRET

WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMETHING THAT REACHES RIGHT ROUND INTO THE S-BEND, THE PIPE AT THE BACK. USE HARPIC— IT DISINFECTS AS WELL AS CLEANS AND DEODORIZES

THIS HARPIC IS GRAND! JUST SPRINKLE IN A LITTLE AND LEAVE OVERNIGHT. THEN FLUSH. THAT'S ALL! THE BOWL IS SPOTLESS— EVEN THE PART YOU CAN'T SEE
HARPIC

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Distress and ill-health caused by gastric and intestinal catarrh can be relieved by the timely use of Angier's Emulsion. Its cleansing and anti-fermentative action on the digestive tract proves the value of Angier's as an emulsion possessing definite soothing qualities.

ANGIER'S EMULSION *is the answer*

Sore? and sorry?

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Married 25 years, Mrs. Mower washes for her husband, a son aged 21 and a daughter aged 12. "This new Super Oxydol is wonderful" she says.

Here's why:

You see what Mrs. Mower says, lady? Well, she's only one. The fact is, thousands and thousands of housewives are asking for this wonderful new Super Oxydol now. Why? Because they've found in actual use, that the new Super Oxydol gives nearly twice as much lather. Does nearly twice as much washing, too. And they've proved for themselves *that only Super Oxydol has this amazing new power.*

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NEW SUPER OXYDOL

GIVES MORE LATHER...
CONTAINS NO BLEACH!